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23 Oct 1890

Yattendon Newbury.

Dear Sir

Thank you for your letter.

I am very much flattered by your wish
to share copies of my works, and am
glad to be able to assure you that
there is nothing in the "early" pamphlets
worth anything which is not reprinted.

The 79 & 80 pamphlets were published
by Ed Bumpus. "Poems of the Author
of the power of love". They did not
sell many copies. & remainders were
destroyed.

"The power of love" was first published
by Bumpus in ~~the~~ 76. and all sold.
It was a pamphlet of 25 sonnets.
The poem has since been completed, and

three printed of Mr Daniel. There are
so many books about that I did not
wish to add to their number. or the 1st
was only for private circulation. The 1st
edition of Daniel was therefore of 12
copies. he reprinted it in much better
for the satisfaction of a few friends.

the 8th ed of Daniel is of a bad
edition of part of "The shorter poems"
which book contains everything that I
can wish anybody to have. *

"The humour of the Court" will be printed
as soon as the sale of the Plays
has been published enables me to go
on with the series.

"The Shorter Poems" volume was printed
on account of the demand which I
found was arising for these lost fragments.

I put into it everything which could
possibly be thought desirable, and
corrected some of the blunders in the earlier
proofs.

All the variety worth anything in the
pamphlets went into "the power of love" &
for which they were intended.

Extra of writing in haste & behind
me from that Noble Medley

Oct. 23. 90

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* It contains one poem that I
did not think good enough to reprint -

→ + Elkin Rathbone a Laron (I
don't know his address) & Macmillan
at Cambridge do have copies of Daniel
2nd ed of power of love - ND

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One hundred Copies printed. This is No. 55.

They that in play can do the thing they would
 Having an instinct throned in reasons place/
 —And every perfect action hath the grace
 Of indolence or thoughtless hazdihood—
 These are the best: yet be there workmen good
 Who lose in earnestness control of face
 Or reckon means and rapt in effort base
 Reach to their ends by steps well understood.

He whom thou sawst of late strive with the pains
 Of one who spends his strength to rule his nerve—
 Even as a painter breathlessly who strains
 His scarcely moving hand lest it should swerve—
 Behold me now far from the care that stains
 And master of the art I chose to serve.

For thou art mine. And now I am ashamed
 To have used means to win so pure acquitt
 And of my trembling fear that might have missed
 Through very care the gold at which I aimed :
 And am as happy but to hear the named/
 As are those gentle souls by angels kissed
 In pictures seen leaving their marble cist
 To go before the throne of grace unblamed.

For suzer am I water hath the skill
 To quench my thirst or that my strength is freed
 In measure/ grace & motion as I will
 Than that to be myself is all I need
 For the to be most mine : so I stand still
 And save to taste my joy no more take heed.

The whole world now is but the minister
 Of thee to me : I see no other scheme
 But universal love from timeless dream
 Making to thee his joys interpreter.
 I walk around and in the fields confer
 Of love at large with tree & flower & stream
 And list the lark descant upon my theme
 Heavens musical accepted worshipper.

Thy smile outfaceth ill : and that old feud
 Twixt things and me is quashed in our new truce :
 And Nature now dearly with thee endued
 No more in shame ponders her old excuse
 But quite forgets her frowns and antics rude
 So kindly hath she grown to her new use.

The very names of things we love are dear
 And sounds will gather beauty from their sense/
 As many a face through lobes long residence
 Groweth to fair instead of plain and sere :
 But when I say thy name it hath no peer
 And I suppose fortune determined thence
 Her dower/ that such beautys excellence
 Should have a perfect title for the ear :

For I must think the adopting Muses chose
 Their sons by name/ knowing none would be heard
 Or wzt so oft in all the world as those :
 Dan Chaucer/ mighty Shakespeare/ then for third
 The classic Milton/ and to us arose
 Shelley with liquid music in the word.

The poets were good teachers for they taught
 Earth had this joy/ but that twould eber be
 That fortune should be perfected in me
 My heart of hope dazed not engage the thought.
 So I stood low/ and now but to be caught
 By any self-styled lords of the age with thee
 Waxes my modesty/ lest they should see
 I hold them owls & peacocks/ things of nought.

And when we sit alone/ and as I please
 I taste thy lobes full smile and can enstate
 The pleasure of my kingly heart at ease :
 My thought swims like a ship/ that with the weight
 Of her rich burden sleeps on the infinite seas
 Becalmed/ and cannot stir her golden freight.

While yet we wait for spring and from the day
 And blackening east that so embitters March/
 Well housed must watch grey fields & meadows parch
 And driven dust and withering snowflake fly:
 Already in glimpses of the tarnished sky
 The sun is warm and beckons to the larch/
 And where the covert hazels interarch
 Their tasselled twigs/ fair beds of primrose lie.

Beneath the crisp and wintry carpet hid
 A million buds but stay their blossoming
 And trustful birds have built their nests amid
 The shuddering boughs/ and only wait to sing
 Till one soft shower from the south shall bid
 And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of spring.

In the my spring of life hath bid the while
 A rose unfold beyond the summers best/
 The mystery of joy made manifest
 In loves self-answering and awakening smile :
 Whereby the lips in silence reconcile
 Desire with peace/ and pleading in arrest
 Of passion/ shew the beauty left unguessed
 Of Grace to adorn at last the Tuscan style :

When first the wonder conquering faith had kenned
 Fancy pourtrayed/ above the strength of oath
 Revealed of God or light of poem penned/
 The countenance of ancient-plighted troth
 Twixt heaven and earth/ that in one moment blend
 The hope of one and happiness of both.

For beauty being the best of all we know
 Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
 Of nature/ and on joys whose heavenly names
 Were never told can form and sense bestow.
 And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
 Nature in sound and shape/ and daily flames
 Much for himself to counterbail his flames/
 Building a tower above the head of woe.

And never was there work for beauty found
 Fairer than this/ that she should make to cease
 The jarring woes that in the world abound.
 Pay with his sorrow may his smiles encrease
 If from mans greater need beauty redound
 And claim his tears for homage of his peace.

Thus to thy beauty doth my fond heart look
 That late dismayed her faithless faith forboze
 And wins again her love lost in the loze
 Of schools & script of many a learned book :
 For thou what ruthles death untimely took
 Shalt now in better brotherhood restore
 And save my battered ship that far from shore
 High on the dismal deep in tempest hook.

So in despite of sorrow lately leazned
 I still hold true to truth since thou art true/
 Nor wail the woe which thou to joy hast turned :
 Nor come the heavenly sun and bathing blue
 To my lifes need moze splendid and unearned
 Than hath thy gift outmatched desire and due.

Winter was not unkind because uncouth/
 His prisoned time made me a closer guest
 And gave thy graciousness a warmer zest
 Biting all else with keen & angry tooth :
 And bravelier the triumphant blood of youth
 Pantling thy cheek its happy home possess
 And sterner sport by day put strength to test
 And customs feast at night gave tongue to truth.

Or say hath flaunting summer a device
 To match our midnight revelry that rang
 With steel & flame along the snow-girt ice ?
 Or when we hazked to nightingales that sang
 On dewy eves in spring/ did they entice
 To gentler love than winters icy fang ?

Theres many a would-be poet at this hour
 Rhymes of a love and tꝛuth he never wooed
 And oer his lamplit desk in solitude
 Dæms that he sitteth in the Muses bower.
 And while such thewless kine the fat devour
 And eber grow the leaner for their food
 Men look askance upon an art pursued
 By clerks that lack the pulse & smile of power.

So none of all our company/ I boast/
 But now would mock my wꝛiting could they see
 How down the right it maps a jagged coast :
 Seeing they hold the manlier praise to be
 Strong hand and will and the heart best when most
 Tis sober/ simple/ true and fancy-free.

How could I quarrel or blame you most dear
 Who all thy virtues gapest and kept back none :
 Kindness and gentleness/ truth without peer
 And beauty that my fancy fed upon ?

How not my lifes contrition for my fault
 Can blot that day nor work me recompence/
 Though I might worthily thy worth exalt
 Making thee long amends for short offence.

For surely nowhere/ love/ if not in thee
 Are grace and truth and beauty to be found :
 And all my praise of these can only be
 A praise of thee/ howeer by thee disowned :

While still thou must be mine though far removed/
 And I for one offence no more beloved.

Now since to me although by thee refused
 The world is left/ I shall find pleasure still :
 The art I have ever loved but little used
 Will yield a world of fancies at my will.

And though whereer thou goest it is from me/
 I where I go thee in my heart must bear :
 And what thou wert that wilt thou ever be/
 My choice/ my best/ my loved and only fair.

Farewell/ yet think not such farewell a change
 From tenderness/ though once to meet or part
 But on short absence so could sense derange
 That tears have graced the græting of my heart :

They were proud drops and had my leave to fall :
 Not on thy pity for my pain to call.

When sometimes in an ancient house where state
 From noble ancestry is handed on/
 We see but desolation through the gate
 And richest heirlooms all to ruin gone:

Because maybe some fancied shame or fear
 Bred of disease or melancholy fate
 Hath driven the owner from his rightful sphere
 To wander nameless save to pity or hate.

What is the wreck of all he hath in life
 When he that hath is wrecking? nought is fine
 Unto the sick/ nor doth it burden grief
 That the house perish when the soul doth pine.

Thus I my state despise/ slain by a sting
 So slight twould not have hurt a meaner thing.

Who builds a ship must first lay down the keel
 Of health/ whereto the ribs of mirth are wed :
 And knit with beams and knees of strength/ a bed
 For decks of purity/ her floor and ceil.
 Upon her masts/ adventure/ pride and zeal/
 To fortunes wind the sails of purpose spread :
 And at the prow make figured maidenhead
 Derride the seas and answer to the wheel.

And let him dæp in memorys hold habe stozed
 Water of Helicon : and let him fit
 The needle that doth tze with heaben accord :
 Then bid her crew/ love/ diligence and wit
 With justice/ couzage/ temperance come aboard/
 And at her helm the master reason sit.

This world is unto God a work of art
 Of which the unaccomplished heavenly plan
 Lives in his masterpiece and grows with man
 Unto perfection and success in part.
 The ultimate creation stayed to start
 From the last creature for whom all began :
 Who child in what he is and what he can
 Hath yet Gods judgement and desire at heart.

Knowledge denied him/ and his little skill
 Cumbered by laws he never can annul/
 Baffled by qualities adverse and ill/
 With feeble hands/ few years and senses dull/
 His art is natures nature/ and love still
 Makes his abode with the most beautiful.

Say who be these light-bearded sunburnt faces
 In negligent and travel-stained array
 That in the city of Dante come to-day
 Haughtily visiting her holy places?
 O these be noble men that hide their graces/
 True Englands blood/ her ancient glories stay/
 By tales of fame diverted on their way
 Home from the rule of oriental races.

Life-trifling lions these/ of gentle eyes
 And motion delicate/ but swift to fire
 For honour/ passionate where duty lies/
 Most loved and loving: and they quickly tire
 Of Florence/ that the one more day denies
 The embrace of wife and son/ of sister or fire.

Where San Miniato's conbent from the sun
 At forenoon overlooks the city of flowers
 I sat/ and gazing on her domes and towers
 Called up her famous children one by one :
 And thre who all the rest had far outdone/
 Mild Giotto first/ who stole the morning hours/
 I saw/ and god-like Buonarrotis powers/
 And Dante/ gravest poet/ her much wronged son.

Is all this glory/ I said/ anothers praise?
 Are these heroic triumphs things of old
 And do I dead upon the living gaze?
 Or rather doth the mind that can behold
 The wondrous beauty of the works and days
 Create the image that her thoughts enfold.

Rejoice ye dead/ whereer your spirits dwell/
 Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright
 And that your names remembered day & night
 Live on the lips of those that love you well.
 Rejoice ye living/ ye that now excel
 And guard in nameless homes the sacred light :
 Rejoice/ though prosperous folly in her spite
 Banish all them that from her rule rebel.

For the worlds exile hath a richer mæd
 Than a kings favourite : he shall arrive
 With the like triumph and return decreed
 To him who neer revisited alive
 His home but sang/ Doubt not I shall succeed
 For all the hindrance they within contrive.

Who praiseth? If the poet have not known
 His work is beautiful/ none can persuade :
 Nor doth our time that so wrongs Handels shade
 Contribute his condemnation but its own.
 The comment writ on Shakespeare hath not shewn
 The perfect judgement that alibe he laid
 On his own work/ which taketh since twas made
 Grace nor disgrace save but of love alone.

And love in loving nothing that is vile
 Knows not the error of the mind/ nor fears
 To set his seal in secret with a smile :
 But I could one as Purcell win the tears
 Of love/ such praise were more than to beguile
 The learned fancies of a thousand years.

The world still goeth about to shew and hide/
 Bewoled of all opinion/ fond of fame :
 But he that can do well taketh no pride
 And seeth his error/ undisturbed by shame :

So pours the best our longest days can do/
 The most so little/ diligently done/
 So mighty is the beauty that doth woo/
 So fast the joy that love from love hath won.

Gods love to win is easy/ for He loveth
 Desires fair attitude/ nor strictly weighs
 The broken thing/ but all alike approveth
 Which love hath aimed at Him : that is heavens
 praise :

And if we look for any praise on earth
 'Tis in mans love : all else is nothing worthy.

O flesh and blood/ comrade to tragic pain
 And clownish merriment: whose sense could wake
 Sermons in stones/ and count death but an ache/
 All things as vanity/ yet nothing vain:
 The world set in thy heart thy passionate strain
 Revealed anew: but thou for man didst make
 Nature twice natural/ only to make
 Her kingdom with the creatures of thy brain.

No Shakespeare/ since thy time nature is loth
 To yield to art her fair supremacy:
 In conquering one thou hast so enriched both.
 What shall I say? for God—whose wise decree
 Confirmeth all He did by all He doth—
 Doubled His whole creation making thee.

I would be a bird/ and straight on wings I arise
 And carry purpose up to the ends of the air :
 In calm & storm my sails I feather and where
 By freezing cliffs the unransomed wreckage lies :
 Or strutting on hot meridian banks surprise
 The silence : over plains in the moonlight bare
 I chase my shadow and perch where no bird dare
 In treetops torn by fiercest winds of the skies.

Poor simple birds/ foolish birds/ then I cry/
 Ye pretty pictures of delight/ unstirred
 By the only joy of knowing that ye fly :
 Ye are not what ye are/ but rather/ summed in a word/
 The alphabet of a gods idea/ and I
 Who master it/ I am the only bird.

O weary pilgrims chaunting of your woe
 That turn your eyes to all the peaks that shine/
 Hailing in each the citadel divine
 The which ye thought to have entered long ago :
 Until at length your feeble steps and slow
 Falter upon the threshold of the shrine/
 And your hearts overburdened doubt in fine
 Whether it be Jerusalem or no :

Disheartened pilgrims/ I am one of you/
 For having worshipped many a barren face
 I scarce now greet the goal I journeyed to :
 I stand a pagan in the heavenly place/
 Beneath the lamp of truth I am found untrue
 And question with the glory I embrace.

Spring hath her own bright days of calm & peace :
 Her melting air/ at every breath we draw/
 Floods heart with love to praise Gods gracious law :
 But suddenly—so short is pleasures lease—
 The cold returns/ the buds from growing cease
 And natures conquered face is full of awe :
 As now the traitrous north with icy flaw
 Freezes the dew upon the sick lambs fleece.

And neath the mock sun searching everywhere
 Rattles the crisped leaves with shivering din :
 So that the birds are silent with despair
 Within the thickets/ nor their armour thin
 Will gaudy flies adventure in the air
 Nor any lizard sun his spotted skin.

Nothing is joy without thee : I can find
 No rapture in the first relays of spring/
 In songs of birds/ in young buds opening/
 Nothing inspiriting and nothing kind :
 For lack of thee who once wert throned behind
 All beauty/ like a strength where graces cling :
 The jewel & heart of light which everything
 Whizzled in rivalry to hold enthryned.

Ah/ since thou art fled and I in each fair sight
 The sweet occasion of my joy deplore/
 Where shall I seek thee best or whom invite
 Within thy sacred temples and adore ?
 Who shall fill thought & truth with old delight
 And lead my soul in life as heretofore ?

The work is done and from the fingers fall
 The bloodwarm tools that brought the labour through :
 The tasking eye that overrunneth all
 Rests/ and affirms there is no more to do.

Now the third joy of making/ the swæt flower
 Of blessed work bloometh in godlike spirit :
 Which whoso plucketh holdeth for an hour
 The gribelling vanity of mortal merit.

And thou/ my perfect work/ thou rt of to-day :
 To-morrow a poor and alien thing wilt be/
 True only should the swift life stand at stay :
 Therefore farewell noz look to bide with me.

Go find thy friends if there be one to love thee :
 Casting thee forth/ my child/ I rise above thee.

The fabled seasnake/ old Leviathan/
 Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
 That champed the oceanwrack/ and swashed the bzyne
 Before the new and milder days of man/
 Had never rib nor bray nor swindging fan
 Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde or Tyne/
 Late born of golden seed to breed a line
 Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan.

Straight is her going/ for upon the sun
 When once she hath looked/ her path & place are plain :
 With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
 The shuddering seas and foams along the main :
 And her eased breath when her wild race is run
 Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane.

A thousand times hath in my hearts behooft
 My tongue bæn set his passion to impart :
 A thousand times hath my too coward heart
 My mouth reclosed and fixed it to the roof :
 Then with such cunning hath it held aloof/
 A thousand times kept silence with such art
 That words could do no more : yet on thy part
 Hath silence giben a thousand times reproof.

I should be bolder/ sœing I commend
 Love that my dilatory purpose primes/
 But fear lest with my fears my hope should end.
 Nay I would truth deny and burn my rhymes/
 Renew my sorrows rather than offend/
 A thousand times and yet a thousand times.

I trabel to thee with the suns first rays
 That lift the dark west and unwrap the night :
 I dwell beside thee when he walks the height
 And fondly toward thee at his setting gaze.
 I wait upon thy coming/ but always—
 Dancing to meet my thoughts if they invite—
 Thou hast outrun their longing with delight
 And in my solitude dost mock my praise.

I well might say twere better not to have been
 Than such I am to be for such as thou :
 And couldst thou love me more my heart I'd wean
 And win a claim that none could disallow :
 But since that cannot be/ O love/ I lean
 Upon thy strength and neer was strong till now.

My lady pleases me and I please her/
 This know we both and I besides know well
 Wherefoze I love her and I love to tell
 My love as all my loving songs aver.
 But what on her part could the passion stir
 Though tis more difficult for love to spell
 Yet can I dare divine how this befel
 For will her lips deny it if I err.

She loves me first because I love her/ then
 Loves me for knowing why she should be loved/
 And that I love to praise her/ loves again.
 So from her beauty both our loves are moved
 And by her beauty are sustained/ nor when
 The earth falls from the sun is this disproved.

In all things beautiful I cannot see
 Her sit or stand/ but love is stirred anew :
 'Tis joy to watch the folds fall as they do/
 And all that comes is past expectancy.
 If she be silent/ silence let it be :
 He who would bid her speak might sit and sue
 The deep-browed Phidian Iove to be untrue
 To his two thousand years solemnity.

Ah but her launched passion when she sings
 Wins on the hearing like a shapen prow
 Borne by the mastery of its urgent wings :
 Or if she deign her wisdom/ she doth show
 She hath the intelligence of heavenly things
 Unsullied by mans mortal overthrow.

Thus to be humbled : tis that ranging pride
 No refuge hath : that in his castle strong
 Brave reason sits beleaguered who so long
 Kept field but now must starve where he doth hide :
 That industry who once the foe defied
 Lies slaughtered in the trenches : that the throng
 Of idle fancies pipe their foolish song
 Where late the puissant captains fought and died.

Thus to be humbled : tis to be undone/
 A forest felled/ a city razed to ground/
 A cloak unsewn/ unwoven and unspun
 Till not a thread remains that can be wound.
 And yet/ O lover/ thæ the ruined one
 Love who hath humbled thus hath also crowned.

I care not if I live/ though life and breath
 Have never been to me so dear and sweet.
 I care not if I die/ for I could meet—
 Being so happy—happily my death.
 I care not if I love: to-day she saith
 She loveth/ and loves history is complete.
 Nor care I if she love me: at her feet
 My spirit bows entranced and worshippeth.

I have no care for what was most my care
 But all around me see fresh beauty born
 And common sights grown lovelier than they were:
 I dream of love/ and in the light of morn
 Tremble beholding all things very fair
 And strong with strength that puts my strength to scorn.

O my goddesses divine/ sometimes I say :
 Now let this word for ever and all suffice :
 Thou art insatiable/ and yet not twice
 Can even thy lover give his soul away :
 And for my acts/ that at thy feet I lay/
 For never any other by device
 Of wisdom love or beauty could entice
 My homage to the measure of this day.

I have no more to give thee : lo/ I have sold
 My life/ have emptied out my heart and spent
 Whateer I had : till like a beggar/ bold
 With nought to lose/ I laugh and am content.
 A beggar kisses thee/ nay love/ behold/
 I fear not : thou too art in beggarment.

All earthly beauty hath one cause and proof/
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above :
Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof
That few there be are weaned from earthly love.

Joys ladder it is/ reaching from home to home/
The best of all the work that all was good :
Whereof twas writ the angels aye upclomb/
Down sped/ and at the top the Lord God stood.

But I my time abuse/ my eyes by day
Centered on thee/ by night my heart on fire—
Letting my numbered moments run away—
For e'en twixt night and day to heaven aspire.

So true it is that what the eye seeth not
But slow is loved and loved is soon forgot.

Already far have we sailed out to sea/
 Enough have probed our bark and hear the roar
 Of tempest obernigh that more and more
 Rages and lightens on the whitened lea.
 See how with naked masts the tall ships flee
 Like frightened phantoms from the dangerous shore/
 And not a boat contrives with sail or oar
 To stem the foundering waves: how then shall we?

Now time it is to make for port and haste
 In safety with the joy our perils earn:
 But let us bow that first the Shrine be graced
 Of him who moves and draws all souls that yearn/
 With fair memorials of devotion placed
 For venturous voyage and for safe return.

The blifs that Adam loft—eating in hafte—
 He loft not all/ for what he had he had :
 And ftill his fons are born as pure and glad
 As he when firft by God in Eden placed.
 But what he took for them—daring to tafte—
 He won outright/ whether for good or bad :
 And in his footfteps all muft iflue sad
 Out of their garden/ exiled and difgraced.

And therefore knowledge hath two hands : with one
 Preffed to her prifoned heart that mourns & yearns
 She guards her firftborn joy and fhares with none :
 But with her bufy right ſhe moves and turns
 All tangible things/ or gazing on the fun
 Shades her adventurous eye and ever learns.

O my lifes mischief/ once my lobes delight/
 That drewst a mortgage on my hearts estate/
 Whose baneful clause is never out of date/
 Nor can abenging time restore my right:
 Whom first to lose sounded that note of spite
 Whereto my doleful days were tuned by fate:
 That art the well-loved cause of all my hate/
 The sun whose wandering makes my hopeless night:

Thou being in all my lacking all I lack/
 It is thy goodness turns my grace to crime/
 Thy flatness from my goal which holds me back:
 Wherefore my feet go out of step with time/
 My very grasp of life is old and slack
 And even my passion falters in my rhyme.

At times with hurried hoofs and scattering dust
 I race by field or highway/ and my horse
 Spare not but urge direct in headlong course
 Unto some fair far hill that gain I must:
 But near arrived the vision soon mistrust/
 Keen in and stand as one who sees the source
 Of strong illusion/ gazing thought to force
 From off his mind the soil of passions gust.

My brow I bare then and with slackened speed
 Can view the country pleasant on all sides
 And to kind salutation give good heed.
 I ride as one who for his pleasure rides
 And stroke the neck of my delighted steed
 And seek what cheer the village inn provides.

An idle June day on the sunny Thames/
 Floating or rowing as our fancy led/
 Now listening to sweet things the young birds said
 And chooling now a nosegay from the gems
 That star the embroidery of the bank that hems
 The current that our skiff from Henley sped
 To where the Cliefden woods oer Maidenhead
 Bar its still surface with their mirrored stems.

I would have life—thou saidst—all as this day/
 Simple enjoyment calm in its excess/
 With not a grief to cloud and not a ray
 Of passion overhot my peace to oppress :
 With no ambition to reproach delay/
 Nor rapture to disturb its happiness.

Whether it be happiness to have enough
 And fear no want while most are poorly fed/
 To bring untired limbs to an easy bed
 While any workmans couch is cold and rough :
 And whether honour be of such dull stuff
 As likes the peace for which a brother bled/
 And virtue yet untried in comfort bred
 Can know her name and feel no self-rebuff :

Or if to yield themselves to worse and worse
 Were truly solace for the hearts that chafe—
 Since their nobility would choose the curse
 Rather to be than once deride the waif/
 Or hear the laugh—O blame not my poor verse
 That it is sad while comfort still is safe.

A man that sees by chance his picture/ made
 As once a child he was/ handling some toy/
 Will gaze to find his spirit within the boy/
 Yet hath no secret with the soul pourtrayed :
 He cannot think the simple thought which played
 Upon those features then so frank and coy :
 'Tis his/ yet oh/ not his : and oer the joy
 His fatherly pity bends in tears dismayed.

Proud of his prime maybe he stand at best
 And lightly wear his strength or aim it high/
 Most master now of all he eer possesseth :
 Yet in the pictured face a charm doth lie/
 The one thing lost more worth than all the rest/
 Which seeing he fears to say This child was I.

Tears of love/ tears of joy and tears of care/
 Comforting tears that fell uncomforted/
 Tears oer the new-bozn/ tears beside the dead/
 Tears of hope/ pride and pity/ trust and prayer :
 Tears of contrition/ all tears whatsoeer/
 Of tenderness or kindness had she shed
 Who here is pictured/ ere upon her head
 The fine gold might be turned to silver there.

The smile that charmed the father hath given place
 Unto the furrowed care wrought by the son :
 But virtue hath transformed all change to grace.
 So that I praise the artistt who hath done
 A portrait for my worship of the face
 Won by the heart my fathers heart that won.

If I could but forget and not recall
 So well my time of pleasure and of play
 When ancient nature was all new and gay
 Light as the fashion that doth last enthrall :
 Ah mighty nature/ when my heart was small
 For dreamed what fearful searchings underlay
 The flowers and leafy ecstasy of may/
 The breathing summer sloth/ the scented fall.

Could I forget/ then were the fight not hard/
 Pressed in the melee of accursed things/
 Having such help in love and such reward :
 But that tis I who once—tis this that stings—
 Once dwelt within the gate that angels guard/
 Where yet I'd be had I but heavenly wings.

When I ſee childhood on the threshold ſeize
 The prize of life from age and likelihood/
 I mourn times change that will not be withſtood/
 Thinking how Chriſt ſaid Be like one of theſe:
 For in the foreſt among many trees
 Scarce one in all is found that hath made good
 The virgin pattern of its ſlender wood
 That courteſied in joy to every breeze:

But ſcathed/ but knotted trunks that raiſe on high
 Their arms in ſtiff contortion/ ſtrained and bare:
 Whoſe crowns in patriarchal ſorrow ſigh.
 So little children ye—nay nay/ ye neer
 From me ſhall learn how ſure the change and nigh
 When ye ſhall ſhare our ſtrength and mourne to ſhare.

When parched with thirst/ astray on sultry sands
 The traveller faints/ upon his closing ear
 Steals a fantastic music : he may hear
 The babbling fountain of his native land.
 Before his eyes the vision seems to stand
 Where at its terraced brink the maids appear
 Who fill their dæp urns at its waters clear
 And not refuse the help of lovers hand.

O cruel jest—he cries/ as some one flings
 The sparkling drops in sport or shew of ire—
 O shameless/ O contempt of holy things.
 But never of their wanton play they tire
 As not athirst they sit beside the springs
 While he must quench in death his lost desire.

The image of thy love/ rising on dark
 And desperate days above my sullen sea
 Wakens again fresh hope and peace in me/
 Gleaming above upon my groaning bark.
 Whatever my sorrow be I then may hark
 A loving voice: whatever my terror be
 This heavenly comfort still I win from thee
 To shine my lodestar that wezt once my mark.

Prodigal nature makes us but to taste
 One perfect joy/ which given she niggard grows
 And lest her precious gift should run to waste
 Adds to its loss a thousand lesser woes:
 So to the memory of the gift that graced
 Her hand/ her graceless hand more grace bestows.

I will not marry thee/ Sweet Hope—I said—
 For all thy beauty nor thy promise sworn :
 Though thou the dayspring pledge/ and rosy morn
 Already captive in thy train hast led.
 No clouded terror oer the sun is spread/
 No noonday darkness like of love outworn :
 The cold star on his shining orbit bozne
 With all his valleys dry/ his verdure dead.

Nor hast thou any power to thrust aside
 Fates cruel hand/ nor any refuge shewn
 Where comfortless my widowed shame could hide.
 For me—in my cold sepulchre I d goan
 Hearing men say, See Hope/ so late loves bride/
 Whom now this vain Ambition has made his own.

In this neglected/ ruined edifice
 Of works unperfected and broken schemes/
 Where is the promise of my early dreams/
 The smile of beauty and the pearl of price?
 No charm is left now that could once entice
 Wind-wabering fortune from her golden streams/
 And full in sight decrepit purpose seems
 Trailing the banner of his old device.

Within the house a froze and numbing air
 Has chilled endeavour : sickly memories reign
 In every room and ghosts are on the stair :
 And hope behind the dusty window-pane
 Watches the days go by/ and half aware
 Forecasts her last reproach and mortal stain.

Once I would say/ before thy vision came/
 My joy/ my life/ my love/ and with some kind
 Of knowledge speak and think I knew my mind
 Of heaben and hope/ and each word hit its aim.
 Whateer their sounds be/ now all mean the same/
 Denoting each the fair I cannot find :
 Or if I say them tis as one long blind
 Forgets what sights they were he used to name.

Now if men speak of love tis not my love
 Nor are their hopes nor joys mine/ nor the life
 They choose for praise the life I reckon of :
 Pay though they turn from house & child & wife
 And self/ and in the thought of heaben above
 Hold/ as do I/ all mortal things at strife.

Since then tis only pity looking back/
 Fear looking forward/ and the busy mind
 Will in one woeful moment more upwind
 Than lifelong years unroll of bitter or black :
 What is mans privilege/ his hoarding knack
 Of memory with foreboding so combined/
 Whereby he comes to dream he hath of kind
 The perpetuity which all things lack ?

Which but to hope is doubtful joy/ to have
 Being a continuance of what/ alas/
 We mourn and scarcely bear with to the grave :
 Or something so unknown that it overpass
 The thought of comfort : and the sense that gave
 Cannot consider it through any glass.

Come gentle slep/ I woo thee : come and take
 Not now the child into thine arms/ from fright
 Compos'd by drowly tune and shaded light/
 Whom ignorant of thee thou didst nurse and make :
 Nor now the boy who scorned thee for the sake
 Of growing knowledge or mysterious night/
 Though with fatigue thou didst his limbs invite
 And heavily weigh the eyes he strove to wake :

No/ nor the man severe who from his best
 Failing/ alert fled to thee/ that his breath/
 Blood/ force and fire should come at moorn redress :
 But me/ from whom thy comfort carrieth/
 For all my wakeful prayer sent without rest
 To thee/ O shew and shadow of my death.

Let man lament his lot and then lament
 That he must so lament and then complain
 That all his lamentations are in vain :
 His tears betray his true affections bent.
 For liefest love first falls to discontent :
 As they who best know health will rage at pain
 And pine beyond their sickness to regain
 Their treasure treasured most when lost or spent :

Which being in them a dolour/ none the less
 Inspires the cries of prime. The truly sad
 Are dumb : and they but honour happiness
 Who hanker after joys that once they had :
 O; surfeited of sweets turn and confess
 Their pleasure is to be no longer glad.

The spirits eager sense for sad or gay
 Filleth with what he will our vessel full :
 We joy his bent/ he waiteth not joys day
 But like a child at any toy will pull :

If sorrow/ he will mourn for fancys sake
 And spoil heavens plenty with forbidden care,
 What fortune most denies we slave to take :
 Nor can fate load us more than we can bear.

And since in having/ pleasure disappeareth/
 He who hath least in hand hath most at heart
 While he keep hope : as he who allway feareth
 A grief that never comes hath still the smart :
 And worse than true is such unreal distress
 For when God sendeth sorrow/ it doth bless.

The world comes not to an end : her city-hibes
 Swarm with the tokens of a changeless trade/
 With rolling wheel/ driver and flagging jade/
 Rich men and beggars/ childzen/ priests and wives.
 Few homes on old are set as lives on lives/
 Invention with invention overlaid :
 But skill or tool or toy or book or blade
 Shaped for the hand that holds and toils and strives.

The men I meet work as their fathers wrought
 With little bettered means : for works depend
 On works and overlap/ and thought on thought.
 And through all change the smiles of hope amend
 The weariest face/ the same love changed in nought :
 In this thing too the world comes not to an end.

Since in the love of Christ my enterprise
 To do the honour groweth day by day/
 And with the growth of love the words I say
 Are daily worthier of thee and more wise:
 Like a rich Jew I book my merchandise
 In fairest hand and hoard my gains away/
 Counting the hours ere I shall quite repay
 More than the full account against me lies:

But not the joy: alas I in my grave
 Shall be and thou in thine ere this befall:
 'Tis but a memory my verse can save.
 Of this my wealth too if I give thee all
 Sorrow for pleasure pay I/ and I crave
 A loan of time that flies beyond recall.

O my uncared-for songs what are ye worth/
 That in my seczet book with so much care
 I write you/ this one here and that one there/
 Marking the time and order of your birth?
 How/ with a fancy so unkind to mirth/
 A sense so hard/ a stile so woyn and bare/
 Look ye for any welcome anywhere
 From any self or heart-home on the earth?

Should others ask you this/ say then I yearned
 To write you such as once/ when I was young/
 Finding I should have loved and thereto turned.
 Twere something yet to live again among
 The gentle youth beloved and where I learned
 My art be there remembered for my song.

Who takes the census of the living dead/
 Ere the day come when memory shall oercrowd
 The kingdom of their fame/ and for that proud
 And airy people find no room nor stead?

Ere hoarding Time/ that ever thrusteth back
 The fairest treasures of his ancient store/
 Better with best confound/ so he may pack
 His greedy gatherings closer/ more and more?

Let the true Muse rewrite her sullied page
 And purge her story of the men of hate/
 That they go dirgeless down to Satans rage
 With all else foul deformed and miscreate:

She hath full toil to keep the names we love
 Honoured on earth as they are bright above.

I heard great Hector sounding wars alarms
 Where through the listless ghosts chiding he strode/
 As though the Greeks besieged his last abode/
 And he his Troys hope still/ her king at arms.
 But on those gentle meads where nothing harms
 And purpose perishes/ his passion glowed
 Like the cold nightworms candle no; scarce shewed
 The heart death kills not quite nor Lethe charms.

'Twas plain to read even by those shadows quaint
 How rude catastrophe had dimmed his day
 And blighted all his cheer with stern complaint.
 To arms/ to arms/ what more the voice would say
 Was swallowed in the valleys and grew faint
 Upon the thin air as he passed away.

Since peace came down to me/ I well know whence/
 A perfected and happy spirit/ twas sped :
 And who did lead me whither I was led/
 Drawn by sweet airs and plaintive innocence.
 So lost when thou didst seem departing hence/
 I too enrolled myself among the dead
 And left my home of homes unvisited/
 Exiled from memory for my woes defence.

But see the doors fast shut by grief and pride/
 Reopened : see kind peace returned in spite
 Of this sad heart which thee so long denied :
 For thou my joy/ whateer/ or day or night/
 I think or do/ again art by my side/
 My lost and won/ my treasure and lifes delight.

Sweet sleep/ dear unadorned bride of toil/
 Whom in the dusk of night mens bodies low
 Lie to receive/ and thy lobed coming know/
 Closing the cloudy gate on days turmoil :
 Thou through the soft ways enterest to despoil
 The ready spirit and on worn flesh bestow
 Such comfort as through trembling souls will flow
 When Gods Welldone doth all their sins assoil.

Thought loseth at thy touch her troubled hold/
 Hand/ eye and ear fail/ and the worlds fair show
 Is blotted clean : or then thou mayst unfold—
 Brightening the hours of sure renewal flow—
 Thy careless pageantzies/ pictures untold/
 Joys which the tacking sun melteth like snow.

Since not the enamoured sun with glance more fond
 Kisses the foliage of his sacred tree/
 Than doth my waking thought arise on thee/
 Loving none near thee/ like thee nor beyond :
 Nay since I am sworn thy slave and in the bond
 Is writ my promise of eternity :
 Since to such high hope thou hast encouraged me
 That if thou look but from me I despond :

Since thou art my all in all/ I think of this :
 Think of the dedication of my youth :
 Think of my loyalty/ my joy/ my bliss :
 Think of my sorrow/ my despair and ruth/
 Of her annihilation if I miss :
 Think—if thou shouldst be false—think of thy truth.

These meagre rhymes which a returning mood
Sometimes oerrateth/ I as oft despise :
And knowing them illnated/ stiff and rude/
See them as others with contemptuous eyes.

Nay and I wonder less at Gods respect
For man/ a minim jot in time and space/
Than at the soaring faith of His elect/
That gift of gifts/ the comfort of His grace.

O work unsearchable/ O heavenly love/
Most infinitely tender/ so to touch
The work that we can meanly reckon of :
Surely—I say—we are favoured overmuch.

But of this wonder/ what doth most amaze
Is that we know our love is held for praise.

Beauty sat with me all the summer day/
 Awaiting the sure triumph of her eye :
 For marked I till we parted how/ hard by/
 Love in her train stood ready for his prey.
 She as too proud to join herself the fray/
 Trusting too much to her divine ally/
 When she saw victory tarry chid him—Why
 Dost thou not at one stroke this rebel slay ?

Then generous Love who holds my heart in fæ
 Told of our ancient truce : so from the fight
 We straight withdrew our forces/ all the thræ.
 Baffled but not disheartened she took flight/
 Scheming new tactics : Love came home with me
 And prompts my measured verses as I write.

In autumn moonlight when the white air wan
 Is fragrant in the wake of summer hence
 'Tis sweet to sit entranced and muse thereon
 In melancholy and godlike indolence :

When the proud spirit lulled by mortal prime
 To fond pretence of immortality
 Vieweth all moments from the birth of time/
 All things whateer have been or yet shall be.

And like the garden where the year is spent/
 The ruin of old life is full of yearning/
 Dingling poetic rapture of lament
 With flowers & sunshine of springs sure returning :

Only in visions of the white air wan
 By godlike fancy seized and dwelt upon.

When first I saw thee/ dearest/ if I say
 The spells that conjure back the hour and place/
 And ebermore I look upon thy face/
 As in the spring of years long passed away :
 No fading of thy beautys rich array/
 No detriment of age on thee I trace/
 But times defeat witten in spoils of grace/
 Robbed from the ribals thou didst pity and slay.

So hath thy growth bæn/ thus thy faith is true/
 Unchanged in change/ still to my growing sense/
 To lifes desire the same/ and nothing new :
 But as thou wert in dream and prescience
 At loves arising/ now thou standst to view
 In the broad noon of his magnificence.

Twas on the very day winter took leaue
 Of those fair fields I love/ when to the skies
 The fragrant Earth was smiling in surprise
 At that her heauen-descended quick repriebe/
 I wandered forth my sorrow to reliebe/
 Yet walked amid sweet pleasure in such wise
 As Adam went alone in Paradise/
 Before God of His pity fashioned Eve.

And out of tune with all the joy around
 I laid me down beneath a flowering tree
 And oer my senses crept a sleep profound :
 In which it seemed that thou wert given to me/
 Kending my body where with hurried sound
 I feel my heart beat when I think of thee.

lxix

Lobe that I know/ lobe I am wise in/ lobe
My strength/ my pride/ my grace/ my skill untaught/
My faith here upon earth/ my hope above/
My contemplation and perpetual thought :
The pleasure of my fancy/ my hearts fire/
My joy/ my peace/ my praise/ my happy theme/
The aim of all my doing/ my desire
Of being/ my life by day/ by night my dream :

Lobe/ my swæt melancholy/ my distress/
My pain/ my doubt/ my trouble/ my despair/
My only folly and unhappiness/
And in my careless moments still my care :
O lobe/ swæt lobe/ earthly lobe/ lobe divine/
Sayst thou to-day/ O lobe/ that thou art mine ?

The dark and serious angel who so long
 Waxed his immortal strength in charge of me
 Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
 To take his pastime with the peerless throng.
 Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong/
 Wounding his heart to wonder what might be
 Gods purpose in a soul of such degree :
 And there he had left me but for mandate strong.

But seeing thee with me now/ his task at close
 He knoweth/ and wherefore he was bid to stay
 And work confusion of so many foes.
 The thanks he looks to have from me I pay/
 Yet fear some heavenly end as he goes
 Unto what great reward I cannot say.

Though others love Thee less I will stand true/
 Nor can it be that I should ever leave Thee :
 Thou knowest my heart and if it could deceive Thee
 It would not wrong Thee thus as others do.
 I spend the day telling my bowes anew/
 And hold my courage ready lest I grieve Thee/
 And count my words lest chance offence bereave Thee
 Of one poor shep out of Thy flock so few :

And call on Thee my Lord/ my Strength/ my Stay/
 That if I faint or fall Thou wilt restore me
 And feed me with fresh comfort day by day.
 Nay though it be Thy terrors all pass oer me
 No/ I will fear no evil/ for I say/
 Surely Thy grace will be sufficient for me.

I will be what God made me/ noꝝ protest
Against the bent of genius in my time :
That science of my fziends robs all the best/
While I love beauty and was born to rhyme.

Be they our mighty men and let me dwell
In shadow among the mighty shades of old/
With lobes forsaken palace foꝝ my cell :
Whence I look forth and all the world behold :

And say/ These better days/ in best things worse/
This bastardy of times magnificence/
Will mend in fashion and throw off the curse/
To crown new love with higher excellence.

Curled though I be to live my life alone/
My toil is foꝝ mans joy/ his joy my own.

I live on hope and that I think do all
 Who come into this world/ and since I see
 Myself in swim with such good company
 I take my comfort whatsoever befall.
 I abide and abide/ as if more stout and tall
 My spirit would grow by waiting like a tree :
 And clear of others toil it pleaseth me
 In dreams their quick ambition to forestall.

And if through careless eagerness I slide
 To some accomplishment/ I give my voice
 Still to desire and in desire abide.
 I have no stake abroad : if I rejoyce
 In what is done or doing/ I confide
 Neither to friend nor foe my secret choice.

Ye blessed saints that now in heauen enjoy
 The purchase of those tears the worlds disdain/
 Doth lobe still with his war your peace annoy/
 Or hath Death freed you from his ancient pain?

Have ye no springtide and no burst of May
 In flowers and leafy træs/ when solemn night
 Pants with lobe music/ and the holy day
 Breaks on the ear with songs of heavenly light?

What make ye & what stribe for? kæp ye thought
 Of us/ or in new excellence dibine
 Is old forgot: or do ye count for naught
 What the Græk did and what the Florentine?

We kæp your memories well: & in your store
 Live not our best joys treasured ebermore?

Ah heavenly joy! But who hath eber heard/
 Who hath sēn joy/ or who shall eber find
 Joys language? There is neither spæch nor word:
 Pought but itself to teach it to mankind.

Scarce in our twenty thousand painful days
 We may touch something: but there līves—beyond
 The best of art/ or natures kindest phāse—
 The hope whereof our spirit is fain and fond:

The cause of beauty giben to mans desires/
 What in the exspectancy of starry skies/
 The faith which gloweth in our flæting fires/
 The aim of all the excellence we prize:

Which but to love/ pursue and pray for well
 Maketh earth heaven/ and to forget it/ hell.

My wearied heart/ whenever/ after all/
 Its lobes and yearnings shall be told complete/
 When gentle death shall bid it cease to beat/
 And from all dear illusions disenthral:
 However then thou shalt appear to call
 My fearful heart/ since down at others feet
 It bade me kneel so oft/ I'll not retreat
 From thee nor fear before thy feet to fall.

And I shall say/ Receive this loving heart
 Which erred in sorrow only: and in sin
 Took no delight: but being forced apart
 From thee/ without thee hoping thee to win/
 Most prized what most thou madest as thou art
 On earth/ till heaven were open to enter in.

Dreary was winter/ wet with changeful sting
 Of clinging snowfall and fast-flying frost :
 And bitterer northwinds then withheld the spring
 That dallied with her promise till twas lost.

A sunless and half-hearted summer drowned
 The flowers in needful and unwelcomed rain :
 And Autumn with a sad smile fled uncrowned
 From fruitless orchards and unripened grain.

But could the skies of this most desolate year
 In its last month learn with our love to glow/
 Men yet should rank its cloudless atmosphere
 Above the sunsets of five years ago :

Of my great praise too part should be its own/
 Now reckoned priceless for thy love alone.

Away now/ lovely Muse/ roam and be fræ :
 Our commerce ends for aye/ thy task is done :
 Though to win thee I left all else unwon/
 Thou whom I most have won art not for me.
 My first desire/ thou too forgone must be/
 Thou too I much lamented now though none
 Will turn to pity thy forsaken son/
 For thy divine sisters will weep for thee.

Done will weep for thee : thou return/ O Muse/
 To thy Sicilian fields : I once have been
 On thy loved hills/ and where thou first didst use
 Thy sweetly balanced rhyme/ unthankful queen/
 Have plucked and wreathed thy flowers : but do thou
 choose
 Some happier brow to wear thy garlands green.

Eternal Father who didst all create/
 In whom we live and to whose bosom move/
 To all men be Thy name known which is Love/
 Till its loud praises sound at heavens high gate.
 Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state/
 That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
 Our service as Thou ownest theirs above
 Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread :
 And should in spite of grace flesh woe begin/
 Even as our anger soon is past and dead
 Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin :
 By Thee in paths of peace Thy sheep be led/
 And in the vale of terror comforted.



NOTE

SONNET 36—*The argument is partly from Michael Angelo: Madrigal xix.*

SONNET 37—*From Boccaccio.*

SONNET 73—*Partly from the anonymous Sonnet No. 3793 in the Libro Reale "Io vivo di speranza."*

SONNET 74—*The first four lines translated from Michael Angelo's Madrigal "Beati voi."*







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